# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV MAY, 1927 No. 5

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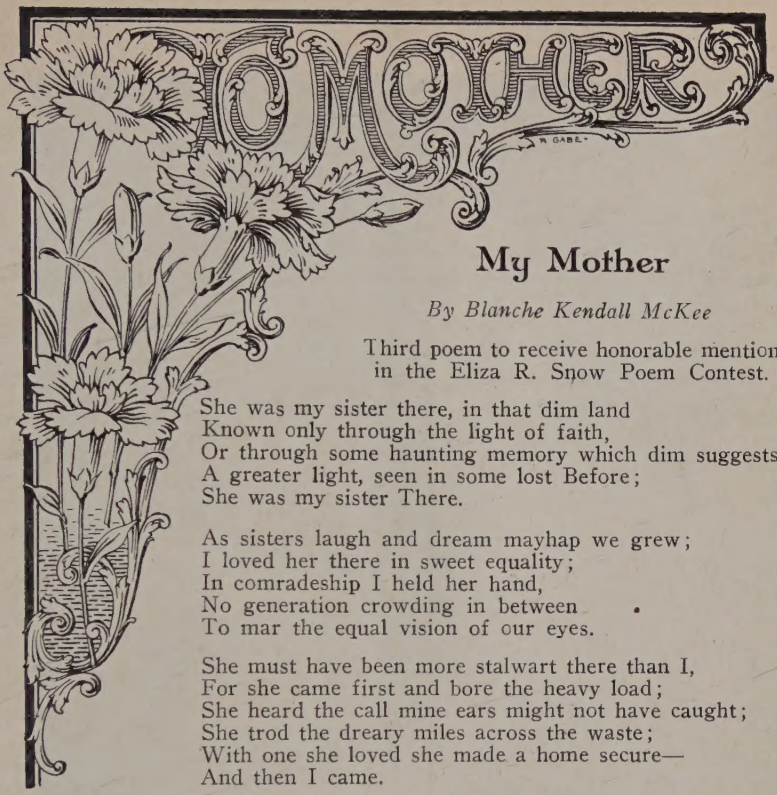


## My Mother

*By Blanche Kendall McKee*

Third poem to receive honorable mention in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.

She was my sister there, in that dim land
Known only through the light of faith,
Or through some haunting memory which dim suggests
A greater light, seen in some lost Before;
She was my sister There.

As sisters laugh and dream mayhap we grew;
I loved her there in sweet equality;
In comradeship I held her hand,
No generation crowding in between
To mar the equal vision of our eyes.

She must have been more stalwart there than I,
For she came first and bore the heavy load;
She heard the call mine ears might not have caught;
She trod the dreary miles across the waste;
With one she loved she made a home secure—
And then I came.

O heritage, how have I paid for thee?
Lapped in a thousand comforts, how do I know thy cost?
How can I count the sacrifice she made for me—
Who was her sister There?

Behold me, little mother, where I stand;
Behold me, fading eyes which always faced the light;
That dim, illusive memory of faint, far Days
I know through thee;
Your gleaming, steady glow you gave to me;
Behold me, all unworthy, where I stand
With eyes that pierce the cloudless, starbright skies,
Straining towards that light I knew before—
Even as water climbs its upward way,
Instinctive rising towards its mountain-topped source;
To thee in graitutde I'm doubly bound:
For mortal motherhood I bow my head,
And for that light which thou didst pass to me
I bend my knee.

And Lo! the music of that far, faint Day
I hear again, immortalized by love!
Why should one weep because of weakening clay?
Stalwart thou wert; stalwart still thou art—
Can I but faithful be, together we shall smile again,
With priestlike eyes, in God's great Brighter Day.

MRS. MARY E. H. COTTERELL AND BABE

## The Tribute of a Mother to a Mother

In honor of Mrs. Maud Chegwidden
Who gave us her beautiful thoughts.

*By Mary E. H. Cotterell*

I thank thee from my heart's great store,
I'll read your words, dear, o'er and o'er.
From them a lesson I shall learn,
Your thoughts are deep—yet I discern.
I'm glad that you among us live,
That you such gems to us can give.
And I shall try to be like you
And love dear children as you do.

## The Mother To Be

*By Lucy Wright Snow*

O, babe of mine, so close under my heart,
Thou, of my body yet even a part,
Let me but clasp thee in my loving arms!
My soul doth thrill in housing thee, and warms
My mother blood to tingle in my veins;
Thou'rt bound unto me by a thousand chains.

Oh, God! Give unto me both strength and power
To set thee free in thine own day and hour.
Catch thou at thine appointed time, thy breath
My babe, oh, courage! Hold! This is not death.
I'll help thee, little one, for God hath smiled
On me and thee and destined thee to earth,
E'en as he hath blest me to give thee birth.
Now, hold thee still and wait but yet a while,
All will be well with us, none shall beguile,
Nor me nor thee—the promise hath been spoken,
And thou shalt be a testament and token.

THE
# Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV MAY, 1927 No. 5

## Glimpses of the Taj Mahal

*By Dr. Franklin S. Harris, President Brigham Young University*

Have you ever felt like sitting down and doing a little weeping out of sheer ecstasy? I have had this feeling a number of times during the last two days, although I am sorry that there have been too many people around to permit me to enjoy the luxury without being conspicuous.

Some people are touched by beautiful music or by a poem; some are stirred at the display of the flag or by a patriotic appeal; some have their emotions aroused by the beauties of nature; some find the greatest thrill in a beautiful painting or piece of sculpture; probably all are aroused at an act of a person showing love and appreciation.

My emotions have been stirred today and yesterday by a sort of combination of these situations. The principal stimulus has come from seeing things of indescribable beauty; this has been augmented by a consciousness that these beautiful things owed their origin to the noblest of human qualities.

I am at Agra, India, where are found some of the finest works of art in the Orient, or in the entire world for that matter. For hundreds of years this has been a center of art and it has contained many of the finest structures of a certain type that have ever been erected. The Emperor Akbar, who was one of the greatest rulers who ever reigned in any country, lived here during the early part of his reign. He is responsible for some of the fine things in this region, but most of the best work was done after he died.

Of course, the outstanding structure here is the Taj Mahal, which is recognized as the most beautiful building ever erected by the hand of man. It was commenced by the Emperor Shah Jahan, in 1630 A. D., as a tomb for his wife, Arjmand Banu. It took

The Taj Mahal looking southwest from across the Jumna River.

more than twenty-two years to build it, and during the course of its construction thousands of men were constantly employed in the work. Not that it is so large—any good sized office building in our cities contains more material—but there is such an infinite amount of detail work which had to be done in the most painstaking manner.

It is all made of white marble which is inlaid with marble of many other colors, also with jade, cornelian, jasper and other precious and ornamental stones. In one of the flowers on the tomb I counted thirty-two separate pieces of stone which were required to give the proper shading. These were all set into the white marble with such perfect workmanship that no joints could be detected and the whole thing was left as smooth as the top of a polished table. In the various parts of the building and its supporting structures there are untold thousands of these flowers and conventional designs worked out with as much exactness as the pattern on your favorite scarf.

Not only are the details wonderful, but the entire structure is so thoroughly balanced that it gives a feeling of wonderful harmony when viewed from any direction. The individual parts which compose it are almost perfect and all of them together make a structure which cannot help but impress anyone who sees it.

This favorite queen of Shah Jahan was a real companion to him, and shared his work. She was with him on one of his

The Taj Mahal looking north from the main entrance.

campaigns, when she died at the time of the birth of her fourteenth child. Out of love for her the Emperor devoted the years following her death in building a tomb that would be worthy of her. Everything else in his life was made secondary to this supreme expression of his love for the wife of his heart.

Another of the structures here which is beautiful beyond description is the Tomb of I'timad-ud-daula, which is a structure expressing love for parents and appreciation of them. It is the mausoleum of Mirza Ghiyas Berg, a Persian, who was grandfather of the lady of the Taj. It was built by Nur Jahan in honor of her father and mother, who when they came from Persia suffered many privations for her sake. Later when she became the queen of the son of the great Akbar she built this lovely structure as a final resting place for their bodies.

Thus we have these lovely structures, one expressing the love of husband for wife, the other the love and respect of daughter for parents who had sacrificed for her.

My first near view of the Taj Mahal was had just at sunset. I went to see it in company with some friends from San Francisco. We sat at sunset and watched the effect on the great dome of the fading light of day, then we remained in the garden till the full moon melted away the sunset shadow on the east and made a softened shadow of its own on the west. As we looked at it from one angle someone would remark that it looked like ivory; again

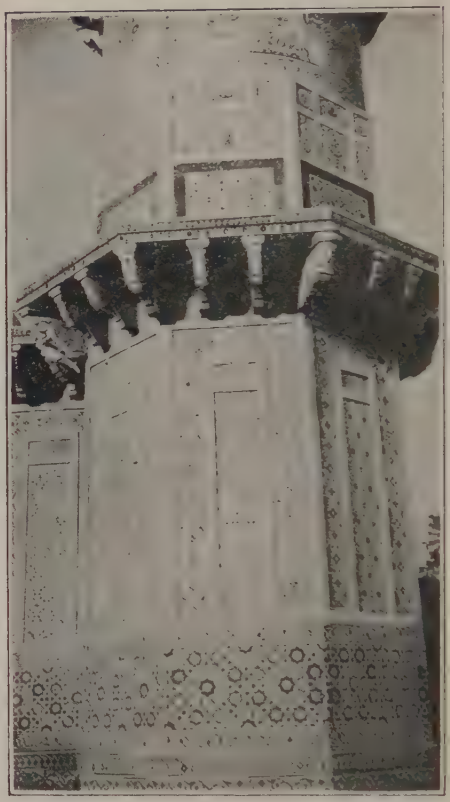

*Photo by F. S. Harris*

Tower of Tomb of I'timad-ud-daula Agra. Built of the same material as the Taj Mahal. The white marble of the main structure is from Jaipau, the black marble is from Tibet and the buff from Ceyton. All designs are inlaid in marble.

it would give the feeling that it was made of satin; but most often the subdued light on the rich marble reminded us of soft velvet.

I have had to go back and see it again and again, to explore its

every detail and to get new vistas of it through trees, or to see its reflection in some of the fountain ponds. This morning I arose early and went to see it in the freshness of the morning. I stood in a rose garden where roses of many hues were in bloom and around which great poinsettia plants made a brilliant fringe which connected stately cypresses with broad-spreading banyan trees. As I stood enchanted at the beauty of the scene, peacocks and small birds of many colors passed before me as if they were wanting to add their beauty to complete the picture.

From early morning till long past noon I went about as one intoxicated by the quintessence of pure loveliness which I have not the language to express; it is an intoxication which must be felt to be understood.

---

## To the First Mother

*By Linda S. Fletcher*

Eve! Brave first-mother of the race of men,
Too little honor has been done to thee,
Greatest of all the heroines of Earth!
Thou, clothed in beauty and the freedom sweet
Of immortality, came with thy chosen mate
To multiply, replenish and subdue
At God's behest.
'Twas not the coward's part
That made thee first partaker of that fruit
Which would within thy fair and lovely form
The germs of suffering and death implant.
No! Rather 'twas thy courage, noble, high—
Thy love for God, thy mother-heart,
Prompted the sacrifice!
Falling, that Man might be,
How much of reverence should we pay to thee!
To leave the joys of Eden's garden, fair,
To struggle on amid disharmony,
In agony the sons of men to bear—
Ah, where a greater Mother, Eve, than thee!
All hail, thee, then, the Queen of all the Earth,
Our hearts o'erflow with gratitude to thee,
Whose brave renunciation gave us birth,
Helped on our souls to immortality!

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# EDITORIAL

## Mother

A book that is being widely read at the present time is one entitled *You Can't Win*, by John Black. Mr. Black is one of the boys who, deprived of his mother at a very early age, ran away from home. He fell into a camp of thieves. Stealing was his business for many years. He tells a story of entering the Temple Block with a companion, having in mind stealing the silverware used for the Sacrament service. He was arrested in many states of the west, broke jail several times and served sentences in state prisons both in Canada and the United States. Finally, after concluding a six year sentence he had to answer another charge. The judge assumed a kindly attitude, sentencing him to only one year in prison when he expected many years. After this year was ended he settled down to a normal, respectable life and is now working on the staff of a library in California. He writes his story in great detail, the whole point of which is to prove that the criminal plays a losing game from practically every standpoint.

We are not particularly interested in this story for an editorial for a Mother's Day issue of the *Magazine*. What we are interested

in is the fact that the author says in his introduction that if he had had a mother he thinks he never would have "picked up" with the life he followed. He tells how deeply he has been thrilled at all times when other boys and other men have introduced him to their mothers. He says in so many words, "I do not know how it seems to the boy who says to his companion, 'John, this is my mother', but to me, having a mother seems the most worth while thing in life."

There is an old adage that good things often come in small parcels. It is equally true that the subtle influences of life are often the most potent. A mother's influence is a subtle influence. It is restraining, comforting, encouraging and ennobling. In these days when it is practically impossible to pick up a daily paper without reading of crimes of indescribable horror, it is certainly comforting to realize what a deterrent to crime the love of a good mother is. There is no work nobler or of greater importance in the world than the work of the mother. The home is the foundation of society, and a mother's place in the home, in the event of a father's death, is always the most important. It may be the most important under other circumstances, but in an ideal home she stands side by side with her husband, making her own feminine contribution that cannot be duplicated by another. In proof of this last statement, we include a poem of this year written by Theodore E. Curtis:

"What is home without a mother"—
Moulder of our destinies?
Read the answer, pensive brother,
In this group of similes:

It is like a shattered token,
Like a sky of after-glows;
Like a memory, heart-broken,
Like a June without a rose.

We trust that at this time when ideas are being turned over and examined from many angles that mothers are not undervaluing their real worth in the home. The Good Book tells us to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. We think it needs no argument to prove that the mother's influence in the home is a good influence. Let us see to it that we hold fast to it.

---

## Mother's Day in Vienna

Two years ago we spent Mothers' Day in the City of Vienna with the Church branch there. We call to mind that the hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion with mottos complimentary to motherhood. A pleasing program was arranged which brought

to the fore children who could sing and recite, and who, using song and verse as a medium for the expression of their love and devotion, paid tribute to the mothers of that branch. At the conclusion of the program flowers were presented to the grandmothers and mothers in the audience. It was a day filled with pleasure and one that those of us who saw the countenances of mothers and grandmothers brighten will not soon forget.

It was important because it is one of the things that mark a departure from the rule. America has enjoyed much that Vienna has contributed. The "Strauss Waltzes" that have given us the "Blue Danube," such light opera as the "Merry Widow" and the "Chocolate Soldier" had birth in that city. Now comes our turn to make a contribution. Mothers' Day is an American idea, one that we are putting over to the rest of the world and one that the Viennese Saints seemed greatly to appreciate.

## Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Charlotte Perkins Gilman was the guest of Mrs. Susa Young Gates during the third week in March. On March 18, Mrs. Gates entertained for Mrs. Gilman at the home of her daughter, Lucy Gates Bowen.

We are always happy to welcome Mrs. Gilman to our state, for she is one of those dynamic characters who stirs us up and makes us think. The *Tribune*, of March 29, announces that she is to be a lecturer at the Brigham Young University during the Summer session of 1927. We are informed from the office of the president of the University of Utah that she will also be a lecturer at the Summer session of that institution. In all probability she will be included among the Summer lecturers at the State Agricultural College.

A good deal of publicity is being given to George Bernard Shaw this season because of his having reached his seventieth year. One of the things good critics say of Mr. Shaw is that his writings are first of all important because of the ideas he has contributed. We feel that the same thing is true of Mrs. Gilman. However forceful and pleasing her style may be, we value her most of all for the ideas she has given us; ideas which will go on working for the benefit of humanity when her books may no longer be read.

## A Mother Book

We have on the desk a very pretty book with a spray of roses on lavender paper decorated with lavender ribbon that contains, inside of an oval ring, the word *Mother*. It is the cover to a book containing eight poems dedicated to mother by Theodore

E. Curtis, author of *Lyrics of the Westland.* The frontispiece contains a picture of Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet Joseph, and on the last page we find a picture of Louie B. Felt, who is called by the author, "the first official mother of our 100,000 primary children, whose period of service covered nearly 50 years." Below this inscription is the sentence, "She has been mother to most of us."

In our editorial on mothers we have included from this little book the poem, "What is Home Without a Mother." We shall include one stanza from the poem, "Mothers' Day," that our readers may judge of the merit of the poems:

MOTHER'S DAY

'Tis Mothers' Day. Around it clings
A thousand tender memories.
And in my heart a carol rings—
A carol sweet of love and praise.
How oft her smiles, how oft her tears,
Have turned the tide of thought and deed;
For she has been, through all the years,
My angel in the hour of need.

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## Awake to Spring

*By Anna Rosdahl*

Awake to the springtime of beauty and song,
When the sunshine grows warm and glad days grow long;
Awake to the stirring of new life again,
When Nature's heart vibrates in valley and plain;
Awake to the rhythm of sweet melodies—
Songs of joyous delight that float on the breeze;
Or list to the love-note of flute-throated bird.
As he sings to his mate sweetest strains ever heard:
Catch the rich, subtle odors scenting the air,
The fragrance of fruit bloom or hyacinth fair:
Behold Nature's lavish and beautiful scene,
Blooming trees and flowers, and landscapes of green!

Awake to the call of the voices of Spring;
Let the soul be intuned to the message they bring;
Let the heart feel the touch of the sun's warm caress
Till it wakens desire to love and to bless;
Let happiness triumph, let gloom fade away,
Then pass on the joy to friends on the way.
Awake and be glad, let the joyous heart sing
And beat time to the pulsating heart of the Spring.

## To a Gold Star Mother

*By Christie Lund*

Little mother, your heart was torn
By grief which you scarce could bear,
And we little wondered you should mourn
For him who gave "all" Over There.

But, faithful mother, I picture him there,
When the last dark moment came,
Longing to feel that you were near
And blessing your sacred name.

I picture him asking a God above
To give you comforting peace;
And let you know that he felt your love
In that hour of sweet release.

I picture him smiling happily,
Forgetful of self and pain,
Gladly giving his "all," if we
Might know it was not in vain.

We know he was young, so sweetly young,
But he marches on in youth.
He still is singing as he always sung,
For he held aloft the truth.

# "Mothers Always Is"

*By Mrs. Bessie Alston*

Martha Harmon had merely come to the door to shake her dustcloth, but the balmy air that caressed her hot cheeks lured her on to the porch. There she lingered, absorbing through every sense the joyous signs of Spring that proclaimed themselves on every hand.

A few early insects drifted lazily along in the warm air. A flicker drummed madly at the sheet iron extension on Martha's chimney, stopping every few minutes to call his sharp "wick-a-wick-a-wick," in evident protest that this promising location would not yield to his attempts at home building. The crocuses were just throwing out faint purple and yellow hints of future glory. Slender spears of green marked the spot where golden daffodils would shortly stand.

Between the houses one could catch glimpses of children at play. Their shrill voices came from every direction, triumphant shouts of welcome to the Spring. In the adjoining vacant lot a diminutive nine played the national game with noisy enthusiasm. The littler boys whose tender years excluded them from the big game were quarreling noisily over a game of 'lag-outs'. Farther up the street three little girls played at dolls, while another wielded a skipping rope to the rhythm of a wonderful chant.

As these human signs of Spring caught her attention, a look of irritation crossed Martha's pleasant face. Not that she disliked children. Far from it. Martha Harmon considered herself a real lover of little ones. Her friends all agreed that she was the most devoted mother in the world, and her two children, clean, wholesome and well-behaved, proved that the statement was not exaggerated. Since Billy came, nine years before, Martha had never willingly missed a lecture or failed to read any new authority who might help her attain more efficient motherhood. Billy and Margaret bathed, exercised, ate, or napped with a fearful regularity. Twice a year the dentist inspected their correctly brushed teeth, and when the proper time came for the ceremony, each child was relieved of tonsils and adenoids, in spite of Grandma Harmon's horrified protest that none of her ten were ever submitted to such barbarity.

Yes, indeed, Martha loved her little ones, and the children of her old school friends liked nothing better than a day at Auntie Harmon's, but loving dainty Margaret or fresh-cheeked Billy was *one* thing, while even tolerating the McSwinney's numerous offspring was another matter entirely.

It was the sight of the McSwinney brood, one or two of whom were in every playing group, that brought the frown to Martha's face.

What was wrong with the McSwinneys, you ask? In the first place Martha felt that eight children in these modern days of tiny yards and closely built houses, constitute a disturbance of the peace, or rather eight disturbances, to say the least. Mrs. McSwinney herself was undisturbed. Indeed, that worthy individual had passed through so many family upheavals, births, quarantines, broken limbs, and other excitement incident to the rearing of a large family, that she was not to be easily upset by such trifles as a bit of dirt, or a little noise. There was so much to be done that she didn't know where to begin, so she seldom began at all. Going up or down the street in a torn kimono, her hair uncombed, her shoes half laced, she was a never ending eyesore to fastidious Martha.

Only once had Martha been in the McSwinney home. Larry had cut his hand and she went in to help dress it. The piles of unwashed dishes, the swarming flies and general chaos of that kitchen had appalled her, and the memory still remained to haunt her.

The McSwinney children roamed the streets in all stages of dress, or rather undress. Apparently most of their meals were taken enroute, for one or another of them was forever passing with a huge slice of bread from which honey or molasses dripped on the sidewalk. Even though Martha admitted that they were a happy, generous, friendly lot, it annoyed her to see them squatting on her well kept lawn, and she had no desire to have her children acquire their slang or noisy ways.

Many a night Martha lay awake, wondering if it would not be best to sell the little home and move far away from the McSwinneys. But she loved the home where her children had been born, and, after all, as her husband philosophically assured her, no real estate man could furnish a pedigree for every neighbor on the block. Without a written guarantee, how could she be sure she wasn't jumping from the frying pan into the fire, unless, as he jokingly added, "we get wealthy enough to move into a swell neighborhood where kids are tabooed and everybody raises a poodle. Then, madam, what would you do with our precious infants?"

It was these thoughts that robbed the Spring day of part of its brightness. As Martha turned to go in, her little Margaret came around the house.

"Oh, mama," she pleaded, "can't I ride my tricycle up and down the block? It's so nice out doors and there isn't any mud on the pavement. See, I have my hat on."

"Yes, dear; don't go around the corner," and Martha kissed

the eager little face, and went indoors to finish her work. Twenty minutes later she looked up the street again. The tricycle stood on the sidewalk, riderless. Four tiny girls sat on the steps of the McSwinney home. Lorna McSwinney's arm was thrown lovingly around her baby's shoulder, and Martha froze with horror as she saw Margaret take something from Lorna's free hand, and cram it into her mouth, her face beaming with enjoyment.

"Margaret, come here at once!" The cry was sharp and decided. With one look at her mother's angry face the little girl jumped to her feet and hurried across the vacant lot.

"Yes, mother," she said, still munching unconsciously on the offending morsel.

"Haven't I forbidden you to eat between meals?"

"Yes, mother."

"What are you eating?" The stern voice frightened Margaret. She hung her head. The answer was almost a whisper.

"Lorna's piece of bread."

"Lorna's bread! How did you get Lorna's bread?"

"I—I—I just took it from her."

Martha's self control gave way. A wave of unreasoning anger and shame swept over her. That her child, always carefully fed, should take dirty little Lorna's bread! At the thought of the filthy kitchen where that bread was made, of the grimy little paw that had held it first, nausea swept over the shocked mother.

Snatching the frightened child by one arm she almost swung her through the house to the kitchen. Then pausing by the coal bucket she commanded, "Spit it out at once! Every crumb! Now, go and bring your tricycle around to the back. You can't go out again today. Such a naughty girl! Mother is ashamed of you."

The little girl obeyed quietly. Never had she seen her mother so angry. As she went out of the door Martha's heart smote her, for there was something so crushed in her silence, her hanging head, her dragging feet. After all it was she who was to blame. How silly that display of temper! She must talk to Margaret when she came in.

Margaret dragged the tricycle onto the back porch, then stood leaning against the door frame, a drooping, pathetic little figure.

"Margaret, honey," the mother began. At the tender tone the child looked up. As she met her mother's eyes she burst into tears. Between sobs that racked her slender body she gasped, "You've spoiled all the party. Oh, I never had so much fun in—all—my—life. It was such a lovely party."

Martha dropped into a chair and drew her little daughter upon her knee.

"What party are you talking about, dear?"

"Lorna's party. You made me spit mine out."

"Made you spit your party out?"

"Lorna had a big piece of bread and she said, 'Le's p'tend it's a party, and this is the ice cream and 'freshments.' She cut it all in little weentsy pieces, and we was havin' lots of fun."

"What was on the bread, dear?"

"Just nothin' at all. Only bread."

"Why, Margaret, you don't need to eat dry bread. Mother will give you some with jam on it, and a nice glass of milk. I'll let you take my butterfly lunch cloth and you can have a little party all yourself." Martha was eager to make amends for her sharpness.

"Don't want jam; don't want nothin' on it! 'Tisn't any fun to eat alone! It's the company and the make believe that make the party fun." And the tears came again.

Poor baby! All unconsciously she had voiced the age-old cry of the human heart for romance and companionship. The words, aided perhaps by the scents and sounds of Spring on every hand, transported Martha back through the years to her childhood days.

As the balmy breeze came in the open door she felt again the thrill her child-self had always known when Spring house-cleaning was begun. She remembered how the shabby old carpet used to be thrown over the line awaiting the beating that sent such clouds of dust over the fence and grass. How she and Maggie Birnie used to love that day. Between the dusty folds of the carpet they had a wonderful tent. There they would sit half suffocated by dust, with rivulets of prespiration trickling down their grimy faces as they munched in ecstasy on some odds and ends they had pilfered for the camping party. Ah, the thrills of that great adventure! Margaret was right. It wouldn't be a party without the company and the make believe. A sudden understanding came to the mother.

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't understand. The party isn't over, is it?"

"No," Margaret's voice was tragic. "It only just began when I had to—had to—" sobs came again.

"You can go back and finish it, if you want to. Wouldn't you like to take some apples for your share of the party? Wipe your eyes and hurry, dear." She picked out the rosy fruit as she spoke. "There now, little daughter, have a good time. I'll call you when I need you," and she kissed the transfigured little face.

Long after Margaret had gone, Martha sat by the table, her work forgotten. Memory once aroused, brought before her a score of pictures from the days when she, too, was a little girl, eager for play and playmates. What glorious adventures she and Maggie had had in the old apple tree that could change so magically from prancing steeds to fairies' bower, from fairies' bower to

pirate ship. What new vistas Maggie's quick imagination had opened to the quiet, shy girl who had been herself. She smiled at the picture of motherless Maggie Birnie—yes, she had been as dirty as any McSwinney; her grammar was atrocious, nay, more, if occasion seemed to demand, she could even swear a bit. And yet she had never been harmed by her friendship for this generous, impulsive playmate, for whom her own gentle mother had always had a smile and a cooky.

All at once Martha saw her own problem in a new light. All her tender care could never teach her children to stand alone as life would demand that they should stand, unless she let them learn how to glean the best from the companions of their daily life. That must be the mother's part, to love, to guide, to understand, but hardest of all to "keep hands off" at the proper time.

A tender smile came to her face and lingered on her lips as she again set about her housework. Passing the half open window she caught snatches from the party.

"Now play like this is the strawberries!" Lorna's shrill voice was joyous.

Then from Margaret: "Next time we'll have a party on my porch. I'll ask my mama to let me give the treat. My mama's the nicest mama in the world, ain't she?"

"Um-hm-m," mumbled Lorna happily. "Mine is, too. Mothers always is."

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## Motherhood

*By Camilla W. Judd*

May all earth's flowers bloom for you today,
And all the skies shine bright with heaven's love;
And every bird a throbbing tribute pay,
Oh motherwoman, called of God above—
To bear and magnify love's great behest;
Trusting the great divine Omnipotence
You suffer, triumph, live,—God does the rest—
And baby lips are your sweet recompense.

# Mother

*By Olive Belnap Jensen*

Mother! dear mother! so noble and true,
In all time to come, can I ever pay you
For the life that you gave me; the price that you paid
When your own life for mine on the altar you laid—
That here among mortals on earth I might be—
Can I comprehend what you then did for me?

Mother! dear mother! so faithful and kind,
Where, among all others, could I ever find
One so loyal and constant; an unchanging friend
To champion my cause, all my rights to defend;
To spend years of her time in hard labor and care,
With days of devotion and long nights of prayer?

Mother! dear mother! unselfish and pure,
Your lofty ideals shall forever endure.
All the things that you taught me, while yet in my youth,
The examples you set of the gospel of truth
Are signals to guide me; are lights to my way
That lead from the gloom to the glory of day.

Mother! dear mother! so noble and true,
I cannot repay, though some things I can do.
May the body you gave me be kept clean and pure.
Over hilltop and valley with footing secure,
May I follow the light on toward the great goal,
Which you have marked out for to save my soul.

The above picture furnishes a group of mothers. The dearly beloved great-great-grandmother is Mrs. Isabell Wilson Bruce, who has reached her 86th year. The great-grandmother is Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce Kennedy, who lacks 4 years of being 3 score years and ten. Mrs. Bell Kennedy Bellman is the honored grand-mother and is 43 years of age, while the mother, Mrs. Ethel Bellman Lambourn is 26 years of age. Miss Lyean Lambourn, who stands with her mother's arms about her, is 8 years of age.

# Religious Training in the Home

*By Mary E. Cutler*

The fundamental thing in life is religion. Faith in the true God, hope for the future, righteousness in thought and deed, repentance of sin, forgiveness for others, these are religion, these are life at its best. Take these from man and he becomes less than man, a mere beast, even though he have a ponderous brain and a cultured intellect. Give these to man and he becomes refined in nature, beatific in soul, and divine in his possibilities. True religion is simply true life—life at its highest, noblest, grandest. Every movement, every thought, every failure and every success is simply the expression of one's religion.

Religious training should begin in the home, because that is where life begins. Religious training should begin in the home, because the real home is the most fertile soil and the best climate for the religious life. The body, the limbs, the digestion, the circulation, and the facial features of the child are given it by its physical heredity; the child's first and most lasting religious attitudes are given it just as certainly by its parents. The prejudices, the tastes, the habits, the prayers, even to the words of the parents are taken over by the child bodily. It is natural that it should be so. For the first two years of the child's life, the mother's lap and the mother's voice are his world. The greatest opportunity of life is her's at this period. At this period she is the infant's source of life as much as she was during its prenatal life. Between the time of its conception and its birth, she furnished its food, her pulsing heart supplied the life stream of its quivering protoplasm, it was through her own nostrils that she breathed into its lungs the breath of life. She stands to the embryonic child as Paul said God stands to man: In her life "it lives and moves and has its being." After birth, for a time, this is hardly less true. There is a change, however. Previously, the mother gave it the food, and the blood, and the oxygen that built its flesh and its bone. During the first months and years of its life, she gives the spiritual food, the spiritual nourishment, and the spiritual breath, out of which it is to build a spiritual life. This is the mother's great opportunity. If it is lost, all is lost. What a great responsibility! The babe is simply a bundle of possibilities. When it commences its earth life, it knows nothing of God, it knows nothing of good or evil, it has no bad habits, it knows no sin, it stands as a spotless, unblemished lamb in the sight of its Creator, with the odor and atmosphere of its celestial home still enveloping it. In a few short years all this will be

changed. The bundle of possibilities will become more and more a bundle of realities. It will develop habits. It will gain knowledge of good and evil. It will come in contact with sin. As the babe lies upon its mother's arm, she may look at its lips that know no guile, at its hands that are unstained by crime or sin. She may put her hand over its pulsating, throbbing heart that has never yet been soiled by an impure desire. As she does so she may murmur: "If I could only keep him always thus."

If the mother could always be the child's whole environment, perhaps she could feel sure of his future. But such will not be possible. The vicissitudes and circumstances of life will soon waft the barque of his storm-tossed career beyond the pale of her magnetic personality. There will come a time when the tones of her guiding voice will no longer reach his ears. There will come a time when her voice and her influence will be supplanted by the voice and the luring influence of worldly associates. It is at this point that the real value of her teaching and her training will be tested. If this training has been superficial, if it has been spasmodic, if it has been by preachment—it is not likely that it will stick and do the required execution at the time of need. Woe be unto the parent that has given this kind of religious training, for it will be as a rope of sand. No parent can teach a religion to a child until the parent lives that religion. Living a religion is the most effective teaching of a religion. It is out of such a life that all effective religious teaching must spring. But merely living one's religion is not enough. It is only the start. Jesus would not have converted many people by simple living. It was his life plus his teaching that gave Christianity to the world. Living and teaching go hand in hand. To be effective, they must be combined. The child will not take over the good habits, the good tastes, the good ideals of the parents by mere imitation, and leave the bad ones alone. Is it not true that most of us imitate the vices of the rich and the great but disregard their virtues? But the fact that the parent has the religious habits, sentiments, attitudes and experiences does prepare that parent effectively to teach them to her children. There is no other training school in this world that will give this preparation.

In my estimation, our Church is to be commended for its admirable practice of sending many of the daughters of Zion into the missions of the world. How frequently do we hear the elders come back and say, "I never knew the gospel was true until I went on my mission." The mentality of the female works much the same as that of the male. It is surprising that the mothers in Israel have been so faithful. If we could send more of them as ambassadors of the great cause of righteousness to preach the gospel of faith and repentance unto this sinful world, we

would have just that many more mothers spiritually aflame and truly prepared to teach prayer, faith, repentance, and all the rest, to their children. The mothers in Israel must be given the soul-stirring experiences that come from teaching and preaching and living the gospel in a world of persecution and opposition. If this experience cannot be gained in the mission field, it must be gained at home. Sometime in the life, the "Mormon" girl must gain a testimony of the faith that will so endear it to her soul that she would willingly die for it: that will so endear it to her that she will certainly live for it and fight for it. When this has been done, and when she has actually sacrificed for her faith, then she is prepared to bequeath this precious heritage to her offspring.

Religious training should begin in the home. Religious training should find its ultimate end in the home—in the building of a home. It is well that Christians are religious enough and self-sacrificing enough to build towering cathedrals and imposing church edifices. But the greatest church ever erected to the glory of God is a happy home, and the most sacred altar ever erected to the living God is the hearthstone about which a happy family gathers in joyous family communion. In such a Church, the father and the mother are the priest and priestess, glorying in the fact that they are cooperating with God in the greatest work that he ever undertook—the building and creating of worthy character. Successful religious training in the home necessitates, first, such a home; and, second, the giving to the children of ideals and habits that will in turn aid them to erect a home that will indeed be a Church unto God.

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## My Jewels

*By Maggie Richards*

Bracelets, beads and spangles I have naught
Nor for their lifeless beauty do I yearn.
But priceless jewels are mine; to have, to keep
Their beauty warms my heart at every turn.

Sapphires blue, two pairs, and pearls galore,
Silver smiles from lips of ruby red
* * * On diamonds from hearts of purest gold
My thirsty love is fed.

## Fruits of Gratitude

*By Alice Morrill*

What can I do, my Mother true,
To pay the debt I owe to you?
How make returns to Heaven above
For precious gift of mother-love?

What can I say in thankfulness?
How best my gratitude express?
For all your tenderness, your prayer,
Your sympathy, your brooding care?

There is not much that I may do
To lift life's burdens, dear, for you.
Your cross of life I may not bear,
Your sacred tasks I cannot share.

But ah, thy love, so full and free,
The care you have bestowed on me,
To others I must freely give—
Help other souls to better live.

Yes, pass them on the helpful word,
The faith, which high resolve has stirred,
The comfort and the kindly cheer,
In patience given, year by year.

And so, my Mother, it must be,
For all that you have done for me;
My life, reflecting yours, must tell,
A mother, I, in Israel!

# Lest Ye Regret

*By Silas L. Cheney*

Mrs. Van Devener reclined easily on a chaise-lounge in her smartly furnished morning room. But she was not resting as a casual observer may have thought: on the contrary, she was rather strenuously engaged with her correspondence which had been sadly neglected during the last few days owing to a variety of pressing engagements. Now, however, she was determined to make amends by giving it her entire attention for the major part of the morning. At best such a task was not pleasant and today, because of its increased volume, it promised to be absolutely tedious.

The first two letters were not of a nature to change her expectations, and she yawned disgustedly as she tossed them aside. but as she opened and read a third, her lagging interest was aroused at once and an expression of bewilderment spread over her face. It addressed her familiarly, not to say affectionately, stated that the writer had just arrived in the city and was very desirous of seeing her before leaving; hinted at bygones, and concluded simply with, "Your old friend, Mattie."

"Now who in the world is Mattie?" ejaculated Mrs. Van Devener as she tapped her puckered brows rhythmically with her silver-mounted letter-opener.

Gradually her expression cleared, then softened as in reminiscence she was carried back over the busy, eventful years to her college days. "Mattie—Mattie O'Niel, why, of course, it was she." She wondered at herself for allowing the memory of her dearest girlhood friend to desert her so completely. It all came back to her now. The only one in college who had rivaled herself in popularity was the sprightly, vivacious, charming Mattie O'Niel who had the courage and ability to accomplish whatever she set out to do. She could have won distinction in some career had it not been for her foolish religious notions. As it was she had fallen in love and married a fellow of whom Mrs. Van Devener could not conjure up the slightest recollection, not even his name, and had then proceeded to place the seal of oblivion upon an obscure position by keeping what she termed, "One of God's greatest commandments," that of multiplying and replenishing the earth, otherwise known as rearing a large family.

"Poor, foolish Mattie," sympathized Mrs. Van Devener, as she reached out and patted "Gerty, dear," until her whimperings changed to sharp little barks of approval.

There had been times when Mrs. Van Devener had yearned for the companionship of children—her children—but, for the most

part, these yearnings had come too late to be satisfied. Her early married life had been so completely engrossed in a tireless effort to keep herself and her financially successful but socially unresponsive husband in the sphere of social recognition that there had been little time for anything else. In more recent years, if occasions for reflection perhaps convinced her that the prize she had won was not worth the price she had paid, she made no murmur, but stoically set herself to the task of vindicating the course she had taken.

Now, as she reread Mattie's letter, a gratifying opportunity suggested itself. The Woman's Welfare Club of which she was president, was about to hold a much advertised convention at which Senator Hillard, a brilliant young senator from the West, was to speak on the subject: "Woman and Her Mission." These conventions were always colorful and with the added attraction of Senator Hillard as the speaker of the day, its success in the present instance was more than assured. Now if Mattie could only be there to see it all—Mattie whom she now pictured as being drab, wrinkled, and careworn after years of hardships incident to rearing a family in a little obscure town—it would surely be interesting to contrast their positions and achievements. She could imagine her shrinking into the shadows to hide herself from the smartly dressed people of importance who would be in attendance. She could picture her amazement as she saw her old friend, Cora, presiding over such an assembly and introducing the distinguished Senator Hillard. Surely an experience so flattering to herself would be too good to let slip; therefore, she decided to extend to her friend a special invitation. Going to her desk she carefully penned a brief letter addressing it to the room of the hotel where Mattie was staying. Then she lay back well pleased with herself and the world generally.

Two days later as Mrs. Van Devener arose before a large assembly to give a short address introducing the speaker, she felt a real thrill of triumph. There was, however, one cloud on the horizon, for as yet she had failed to locate her one-time friend in the audience. Even after Senator Hillard commenced his discourse and the vast audience was paying him the profound compliment of almost breathless attention, she continued to search the sea of faces before her until convinced that such a search was fruitless. Then, and not until then, did she allow her interest to be transferred to the Senator's alluring address. But here again she was disappointed, for his remarks, particularly in closing, seemed to be aimed directly at her. He said emphatically:

"The crowning glory of any woman, the glory before which all else dims into insignificance, is motherhood. Our reason, based upon the history of the race as well as the revealed word of God, bears ample testimony of this. The one who cheerfully accepts the responsibility of bringing healthy, intelligent children

into the world, children who are given every advantage of training and education to fit them for lives of dependability and service, has done more toward the perpetuation of the race, the advancement of civilization, and the maintenance of our sacred institutions than she could possibly have done in any other way. Surely 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that sways the world.' Our future citizens, from high degree to low estate, are influenced by them more than any other. What a contrast between the joys and hope experienced by the real mother, on the one hand, and the woman who deliberately shirks the duty of motherhood, on the other. True, the latter, like a bubble, may float about brilliantly and self-sufficiently for a time, but in the end she leaves no one behind who is in duty-bound to perpetuate her name or enrich her memory. Not so the other who is blessed with the love and devotion of innocent children and, as they grow older, by their manly and womanly virtues and accomplishments. Her name will be held in sacred trust by her posterity down to the end of time, and the achievements of her children and her children's children will serve as an everlasting benediction to her. I say, God bless the Mothers!"

He sat down amid a roar of applause and as it continued he arose again stretching out a hand for silence. "My dear friends," he said, "you do me an honor that is not justly mine. If I have said anything that has impressed you today it has come as a result of the constant inspiration given me from childhood by one who now sits among you. Friends, I desire to present to you my mother."

A hush fell upon the listeners as he strode from the stand down the aisle to where a plainly, though neatly and fashionably dressed lady sat, cheeks aglow—eyes glistening with tears. Taking her by the arm he led her to the stand. All eyes were turned upon the proud, happy mother of so fine a son. As she came up the steps she smiled and nodded to Mrs. Van Devener who sat completely nonplused; unable to determine where she had met Mrs. Hillard and why she seemed so familiar.

A mighty applause greeted the two as they faced the audience standing side by side, and with it came the realization to Mrs. Van Devener that this cultured, refined and fashionable convention was rendering distinct honor to her old friend Mattie; one whom she had thought to impress upon this occasion with her own importance. But she did not wonder at it. The unbounded love and pride existing between this simple mother and her distinguished son was one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights she had ever seen.

"Oh for such a son!" she exclaimed almost audibly as she joined in the applause. Then unable to control her feeling longer, she covered her face with her handkerchief—and wept.

# Life's Sunset

*By Amy M. Rice*

*Dedicated to President and Mrs. Stephen L. Chipman, who have shown me that the evening of life can be most beautiful.*

I stood and watched the glory of a sunset on the hills,
As the storm clouds slowly lifted one by one.
And I saw their silver lining edged with crimson and gold,
Reflecting back the glory of the sun.

So dark and drear the day had been, that I had felt oppressed,
And life seemed sad and stormy like the day.
But as I watched the wonder of that vision in the west,
My doubts and fears all seemed to fade away.

And when storms beat upon us; like the sapling we are swayed.
Sometimes we're bent and humbled in the blast.
But how strong we grow, and noble, if we've battled undismayed,
'Till the sun brings us a rainbow at the last.

Into every life comes sorrow. Into every life comes pain.
Else we'd never know the joy of peace and rest.
But there's always a tomorrow, like the sunshine after rain,
And we find it when our God may deem it best.

So I'll put the storms behind me, and I'll face the setting sun.
Onward, ever striving for the goal.
And I'll shed a happy radiance, when my day is almost done;
For I'll keep a little sunshine in my soul.

And at last in life's sweet evening, when the sun is sinking low,
And before its rays the clouds all melt away,
May they show their silver lining edged with crimson and with gold,
And reflect the glory of a perfect day.

# Jeanie Duncan's Promise

*Mary Allen*

The setting sun stole in through the little window and lingered caressingly on the bed of the dying woman, lighting up her pale face with an almost unearthly brilliance. Quietness reigned supreme, save for the sound of the children's voices which could be heard outside in the garden.

A young woman sat at the bedside, with her mother's hand clasped firmly in her own warm one. She had sat thus for more than an hour, watching her sleeping mother, scarcely daring to breathe. Suddenly the sleeper stirred uneasily and opened her eyes.

"Eh, Jeanie," she said wearily, "I hae been dreamin' of heaven, I'll sure be there. I dinna think I'll live tae see mony mair sunsets here noo."

Jeanie remained silent and big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Dinna greet lassie," began the sick woman, "I'm wearyin' tae be awa, if you only kent the pain I hae suffered this lang time, bit that's naething tae the thochts that worries me what's tae come ower your faither and the bairns when I'm taen awa an' you mairret tae Bob Laidlaw. Jeanie," she went on pleadingly, "maybe I'm selfish an' I ken it micht be gey hard for you, but I wad like you tae mak me a promise, wad you no pit aff your marriage for aboot three years, and look after them a' you ken yersel your faither's no very strong at times, an by that time Kate'll be able tae manage. You'll only be aboot twenty-three by then; time enough tae enter the cares o' the world."

"Mak your mind easy mother," replied Jeanie, "I hae been thinkin' aboot a' thae things. 'll promise you no ta leave faither or the bairns for mony a lang day, my duty will be tae them God helpin' me."

"Thank God for thae words, lassie. God'll help you. He never forsakes them that dae their duty. You'll find that oot by and by."

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Duncan passed away, surrounded by her family, comforted and re-assured that her eldest daughter would look after them when she was gone.

Glencraig, where the scenes of the story are laid, was an old-fashioned Scottish village, nestling in the heart of the Perthshire hills. The Duncan's cottage was one of a half a dozen which stood in one of the little streets leading off the main road. Each one boasted of a most luxuriant little garden and pathway which led up to the house.

It was a warm July evening, about a month after Mrs. Duncan's death. The air was heavy with the scent of roses and other flowers. Jeanie stood at the door of the cottage, her eyes full of

unshed tears, entreating her lover, Bob Laidlaw, a handsome fair-haired young man, to come into the house.

"No, I winnar, Jeanie," he said stubbornly, "if that's tae be your answer I'm no comin' in we hae kent yin anither lang enough without waitin' anither three years."

"Well, I hae telt you Bob, that I canna mairry you afore that, I geid mother my promise, I would look efter them a'. I'll no brak it for you nor naebody," she replied firmly.

"Three years is a guid slice oot o' a man's life."

"No, when folk's as young as we are," insisted Jeanie.

"Kate's auld enough toe keep the hoose an your faither micht mairry again. Whaur'll you be then?" he asked.

"Kate's no able toe manage them a', an as for faither mairryin' again, that will never be I ken whit mither wis tae him," she concluded with a break in her voice.

Bob muttered something under his breath "about the selfishness o' some folk."

"Well Bob," said Jeanie, "I think you should be the last tae speak aboot folk bein' selfish; an if that's what you think, you can hae this back," pulling off her engagement ring, and handing it towards him. "Maybe in Glesca you'll get some ither lassie tae suit you better."

"Keep the ring, Jeanie, you'll maybe change your mind yet."

"That is impossible," she replied, "Dinna build your hopes on that. You'd better tak it back as the sicht o't wad only bring back memories."

He took it rather unwillingly and slipped it into his vest pocket.

"You'll maybe rue this an' get a' your thanks in ae day."

"I'll risk it," she replied, quietly, "Folk dinna rue doin' their duty, and mine's here meantime. Sae I'll bid you good-bye Bob," and she held out her hand.

He took her hand rather reluctantly, an imploring look in his eyes. "If you think better aboot this matter, let's ken."

Jeanie watched him as he walked down the pathway to the gate, which he opened and shut, never once glancing back to his erstwhile sweetheart. Entering the cozy little kitchen, she sat down in a chair and burst into tears. Her disappointment was keen. She had never entertained a moment's doubt but that Bob would be willing to wait for her. They had been lovers ever since their schooldays, and had looked forward to the time when they would be together for life. Now all these plans were altered by the death of her mother.

Bob, who was a grocer, had recently got a good situation in a large store in Glasgow, and was at the present time spending his Summer holidays in his native village. They were to have been married at the new year, and, no doubt, thought Jeanie, he had good reason to be hurt and disappointed, but she had

imagined that if he had the love he professed for her, he would have approved of her decision. After all they were both very young. She recalled a favorite verse of her own in the Bible, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." These words were like a benediction to her, a message from God, and so she dried her tears and rose to prepare the evening meal.

A low tap came to the door, and she opened it to admit a tall, rather ungainly young man who ambled rather than walked into the middle of the kitchen floor. He took off his cap and stood nervously twisting it in his hands.

"Jeanie," he commenced, falteringly, "I hae come tae bid you good-bye, and I am off the morn tae Glesca, and sail on Saturday for America tae work on my uncle's farm."

"I hope you get on weel, Donald, it's no likely we'll see you here again," she replied.

"Jeanie," he said rather hesitatingly and coming nearer to her, "I hope you winna be offendit at what I am goin' tae say, but I met Bob Laidlaw no long ago, and he told me it was a' up between you an him, he said you wanted him tae wait three years afore you wad mairry him, and he wadna do it. Jeanie," he went on and laid his hand on her shoulder, "I wasna goin tae say anything when I kent you were engaged tae Bob, but I hae aye cared for you, and I wad wait twenty years for you if you just said the word."

"Thank you, Donald," she answered quietly, "Mairriage is no for me an' I wadna tie nae man down noo, pit a thochts o' me oot o' your heed, and when you are in America you will get some nice lassie tae mairry you."

"Never, Jeanie," and drawing himself up, "I'll come back for you in twenty years as shair as my name is Donald Grant."

Jeanie smiled as she held out her hand to bid him good-bye. "Weel hae it your ain way; time will tell." With a warm handshake he said, "You hae my promise, anyway," and took his departure.

By and by, her father, wearied with a hard day's work, came in and all the children. After their supper, the boys had to be helped with their lessons, and the youngest of them all, a bright fair-haired toddler had to be bathed, and as she snuggled in Jeanie's arms and lisped her prayer, a great peace stole into her heart and she felt indeed that her duty lay amongst them. That night after all the children were in bed, Jeanie told her father about Bob Laidlaw, but forebore to tell him of Donald Grant's offer and all the answer he vouchsafed was, "You were faur ower guid for him onyway. Sometimes thae things happen for the best, although we dinna see it at the time."

Summer and Autumn passed, and at the New Year word came to Glencraig that Bob Laidlaw had married a Glasgow girl. In the privacy of her own room Jeanie shed bitter tears. She

had loved him dearly and had hoped against hope that he would return and wait for her, but she resolutely turned down that page of her life. Time rolled on. Ten years had passed away, and Jeanie's father, who had never been the same since the death of his wife, contracted a lingering illness, which proved fatal. His daughter nursed him faithfully, and with his last breath he blessed and thanked her for her goodness to him.

Kate had married and gone to live in Edinburgh, and the two boys were working and helping to keep the home together. Jeanie had no regrets. She had fulfilled her promise to her dying mother, and was quite happy and contented. Another ten years elapsed. Her two brothers had emigrated to Canada, and were doing well; while Elsie, her baby sister, had got recently married, and now she was left alone.

It was in the month of June, and Jeanie was standing in the little garden, just the same riot of flowers and perfumes as it was twenty years ago, and her eyes grew moist as she watched the setting sun creeping behind the surrounding heather-covered hills. She, like the psalmist of old, had lifted her eyes to the hills and found there strength and endurance when the daily cares of her life threatened to overwhelm her.

Time had dealt kindly with her. Her face was perhaps a little less rounded, but her dark eyes had not lost their sparkle, nor her hair its bright sheen. Her face appeared to be even sweeter than of yore, and her figure was still as lithesome. For this was Jeanie's last night in Glencraig. She had given up the little cottage and sold nearly all the furniture to the incoming tenant. Her own belongings were all packed and ready for removal on the morrow. She was going to take up her abode in Edinburgh beside her sister Kate for a time. Her two brothers had offered her a home in Canada, and she resolved that she would go there in the future.

Her thoughts wandered back to that night many years ago, when she had parted from two lovers. Bob Laidlaw she had only seen once since, just a chance meeting on the street, when they hardly recognized each other. If report spoke truly, he had taken very much to drink and neglected his wife who had died recently and left him with a family.

Jeanie passed into the house, and looked around the kitchen where she had spent all her life. Every corner, every article of furniture was dear to her. There was her father's easy chair, and her mother's kitchen dresser, and now they all belonged to strangers. No wonder she felt sad.

Glancing out at the little window she saw a stout heavily built man walk up the little path towards the house. She opened the door, and to her surprise beheld her old lover, Bob Laidlaw.

"It's me, Jeanie Lass," holding out his hand which she took rather reluctantly. "As sure as I kent you were leavin' here, I came frae Glesca tae see you afore you left."

"Come in," she said wondering greatly.

He lumbered in and sank heavily into the chair which she pointed to.

"I'll stay a wee while, Jeanie, I hae something special toe say, eh, Jeanie," he went on as he gazed admiringly at her, "You're no looking a bit aulder since you were a wee lassie, you hae kept your age weel."

Jeanie looked critically at him before replying, could she ever have been in love with this coarse heavy dissipated-looking man, and she shuddered inwardly.

"The time for compliments frae you, Bob Laidlaw, was past long ago," she returned coldly.

"Wuman, you dinna need tae be sae high and michty nae doot you wad hear I lost my wife nine months ago, and I hae come tae ask you tae mairry me and gaw back to Glesca and help tae bring the bairns up."

The man's coolness fairly took her breath away.

"Indeed," she replied indignantly, "dae you no think I hae had my share o' bringing up bairns, and as for tae be your wife, never. That was a ower lang ago."

"What for no'?" he asked trying to catch hold of her hand, which she withdrew quickly.

"Weel, in the first place I dinna care for you, and in the second I'm no goin' to make a slave o' mysel' a' my days."

"You'd better think twice afore you refuse. Offers like mine dinna grow on berry bushes, especially for auld maids like yoursel'," he added insultingly.

"Auld maids, indeed!" retorted Jeanie hotly, "hoo daur you insult me?" Going to the door she opened it, saying, "I dinna send for you, Bob Laidlaw, and if you hae a spark o' manliness left in you, which I much doot, leave this hoose without ony mair adoe."

He saw the look of determination on her face and realized that he had overstepped the mark this time, and as he rose slowly from the chair, he remarked sullenly, "What a temper you've got, Jeanie," and when he reached the door, as a parting shot he added: "It's maybe as weel I dinna get you."

Jeanie made no reply, but shut the door and sitting down on the easy chair gave herself up to reflections. After all her years of self-sacrifice and toil, she was termed an "Auld maid." That was how the world regarded her. Up to the present, in spite of the difficulties, she had to pay her way and keep the rest respectable, her life had been a sheltered one. Only twice in her lifetime had she been in a large town, when she visited her sister Kate in Edinburgh, and she recalled how glad she had been when she had arrived home again, and it suddenly dawned upon her how wholly untried and unfitted she was at forty years of age to begin to battle with the outside world. Then her thoughts took a new turn. She was a little girl once more, playing with the other

children, and had scratched her hand with the prickly bushes which grew at the side of the road. It had started to bleed and Donald Grant, a little barefooted boy had drawn a dirty ragged handkerchief from his pocket and made a rough attempt to bind the wound. Again, on another occasion when they were on their way homewards from school, there had been a considerable rainfall, and one part of the road resembled a pool. Donald had lifted her up bodily and waded through the water, until he found a place of safety for her. How she had laughed at the time, she remembered; her feet were dry while the other children had to take off their boots and stockings before they could wade across.

Strange that tonight memories of Donald Grant obtruded themselves on her mind. Never once since she had parted from him so long ago had she ever given him a thought. He had completely passed out of her life, and no news as to how he had fared ever reached her. He was an orphan, and the relative who brought him up, died shortly after he left the village. Thus musing, Jeanie fell asleep and began to dream. She dreamed that she was with Donald again, but quite a different Donald from the shy awkward lad of her youth. She was clinging to his arm and the countryside was different from the one at home. Wilder and grander. They seemed to be in the midst of hills, majestic and noble-looking, and he was pointing to a large farmhouse in the distance saying, "That is your home and mine, Jeanie, to be together for all time."

A sound of knocking at the door and someone entering the room awoke her, and she sat up and rubbed her eyes. Had she been dreaming? For there in the middle of the floor stood a man gazing at her. The self-same man of her dreams—Donald. For a few minutes she regarded him silently, and thoughts chased rapidly through her brain. Yes, it was Donald, sure enough, but changed. His former awkwardness had vanished, and he was now a tall, well-built, muscular man, and his face betokened the look of a man who had fought his way valiantly through life and won. There was still the same steadfast gaze in his grey eyes, Jeanie noticed, and he had taken off his hat, and his hair which was still abundant was brushed neatly back over his head. Altogether a most attractive looking man was her unspoken thought. He waited for her to speak, and then he broke the silence.

"Have you no welcome for me?" he said as he held out his hand.

She rose and gave him her hand which he gripped firmly as he went on, "You remember twenty years ago in this very spot I said I would wait for you, Jeanie, that time is now up, and I have kept my promise."

The mists seemed to clear from her brain, and a thrill shot

through her, and she realized what a tower of strength this man would be.

"Welcome, Donald," she said at last, "When you gaid awa that time I never thought I wad see you again. I had sae mony cares tae tak up my attention."

"Listen, Jeanie," he began, still holding her hand, "your cares are all over now. After I had been in America for four years my uncle died and left me his farm which I sold as I did not like the place. I wandered about looking for a suitable place and I landed in a valley which lay in the heart of the rocky mountains. I bought a small ranch, which now extends many miles, and I have prospered exceedingly well, and, Jeanie, you have been my lodestar. Perhaps," he went on, "you were not aware that I left a friend in the village who kept me informed about your welfare, and when news of Elsie's marriage reached me, I hurried off and came here as quick as boat and train could bring me, as I knew you would be alone, and Jeanie, I now dwell amongst a people who are good and true and have high and noble ideals of life, whose religion I have adopted, and there you, too, will find friends and a welcome awaiting you. What is your answer to be?" he asked. For a minute or two Jeanie bent her head and was silent, and the verse in the Bible which had comforted her so much in recent years, flashed across her mind. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As before, she regarded this as a message from above. She lifted her eyes up to Donald's face, a happy smile stealing over her countenance, and he read his answer in her eyes, and drew her unresisting form close to his heart.

* * * *

Jeanie is perfectly happy in her mountain home, and with the love and friendship of the kindly people, with whom her lot in life is now cast, and has never regretted her years of self-sacrifice and toil for others. She has realized to the fullest extent that God never forsakes those who love Him, and do His will and keep His commandments.

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# His Mother's Sermon

*By Ian Maclaren*

He was an ingenuous lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched, and had arrived on the preceding Monday at the Free Kirk manse with four cartloads of furniture and a maiden aunt. For three days he roamed from room to room in the excitement of householding, and made suggestions which were received with hilarious contempt; then he shut himself up in his study to prepare the great sermon, and his aunt went about on tiptoe. During meals on Friday he explained casually that his own wish was to preach a simple sermon, and

that he would have done so had he been a private individual, but as he had held the MacWhammel scholarship a deliverance was expected by the country. He would be careful and say nothing rash, but it was due to himself to state the present position of theological thought, and he might have to quote once or twice from Ewald.

His aunt was a saint, with that firm grasp of truth, and tender mysticism, whose combination is the charm of Scottish piety, and her face was troubled. While the minister was speaking in his boyish complacency, her thoughts were in a room where they had both stood, five years before, by the death-bed of his mother.

He was broken that day, and his sobs shook the bed, for he was his mother's only son and fatherless; and his mother, brave and faithful to the last, was bidding him farewell.

"Dinna greet like that, John, nor break yir hert for it's the will o' God, and that's aye best.

"Here's my watch and chain," placing them beside her son, who could not touch them, nor would lift his head, "and when ye feel the chain about yir neck it will mind ye o' yir mother's arms.

"Ye'ill no forget me, John, I ken that weel, and I'll never forget you. I've loved ye here, and I'll love ye yonder. Th'ill no be an 'oor when I'll no pray for ye, and I'll ken better what to ask than I did here, sae dinna be comfortless."

Then she felt for his head and stroked it once more, but he could not look nor speak.

"Ye'ill follow Christ, and gin He offers ye His cross, ye'ill no refuse it, for He aye carries the heavy end Himself. He's guided yir mother a' thae years, and been as guid as a husband since yir father's death, and He'ill hold me fast tae the end. He'ill keep ye, too, and, John, I'll be watchin' for ye. Ye'ill no fail me," and her poor cold hand that had tended him all his days tightened on his head.

But he could not speak, and her voice was failing fast.

"I canna see ye noo, John, but I know yir there, and I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'll no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, and', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'ill no see me, and I'll be satisfied."

A minute after she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "My mother, my mother!"

It was a full prayer, and left nothing unasked of Mary's Son.

"John," said his aunt, "your mother is with the Lord," and he saw death for the first time, but it was beautiful with the peace that passeth all understanding.

Five years had passed, crowded with thought and work, and

his aunt wondered whether he remembered that last request, or indeed had heard it in his sorrow.

"What are you thinking about, aunt? Are you afraid of my theology?"

"No, John, it's no that, laddie, for I ken ye'ill say what ye believe to be true without fear o' man," and she hestitated.

"Come, out with it, auntie: you're my only mother now, you know," and the minister put his arm around her, "as well as the kindest, bonniest, goodest auntie ever man had."

Below his student self-conceit he was a good lad, and sound of heart.

"Shame on you, John, to make a fule o' an auld dune body, bue ye'ill no come round me wi' yir flattery. I ken ower weel," and as she caught the likness in his face, her eyes filled suddenly.

"What's the matter, auntie? Will ye no tell me?"

"Dinna be anry wi' me, John, but a'm concerned aboot Sabbath, for a've been praying ever syne ye were called to Drumtochty that it micht be a great day, and that I mich see ye comin' tae yir people, laddie, wi' the beauty o' the Lord upon ye, according tae the auld prophecy: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace'," and again she stopped.

"Go on, auntie, go on," he whispered; "say all that's in yir mind."

"It's no for me tae advise ye, who am only a simple auld woman, who ken's naethin' but her Bible and the Catechism, and it's no that a' mfeared for the new views, or about yir faith, for aye mind that there's mony things the Speerit hes still tae teach us, and I ken weel the man that follows Christ will never lose his way in ony thicket. But it's the fouk, John, a'm anxious aboot: the flock o' sheep the Lord hes given ye tae feed for Him.

She could not see his face, but she felt him gently press her hand and took courage.

"Ye maun mind, laddie, that they're no clever and learned like ye are, but just plain country fouk, ilka ane wi' his ain temptation, an' a' sair trachled wi' mony cares o' this world. They'ill need a clear word tae comfort their herts and show them the way ever lasting. Ye'ill say what's richt, nae doot o' that, and a'body 'ill be pleased wi' ye, and, oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The minister's face whitened, and his arm relaxed. He rose hastily and went to the door, but in going out he gave his aunt an understanding look, such as passes between people who have stood together in a sorrow. The son had not forgotten his mother's request.

The manse garden lies toward the west, and as the minister

paced its little square of turf, sheltered by fir hedges, the sun was going down behind the Grampians. Black, mossy clouds had begun to gather in the evening and threatened to obscure the sunset, which was the finest sight a Drumtochty man was ever likely to see, and a means of grace to every sensible heart in the glen. But the sun had beat back the clouds on either side, and shot them through with glory, and now between piled billows of light he went along a shining pathway into the Gates of the West. The minister stood still before that spectacle, his face bathed in the golden glory, and then, before his eyes, the gold deepened into an awful red, and the red passed into shades of violet and green, beyond the painter's hand or the imagination of man. It seemed to him as if a victorious saint had entered through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the after-glow of his mother's life fell solmenly on his soul. The last trace of sunset had faded from the hills when the minister came in, and his face was of one who had seen a vision. He asked his aunt to have worship with the servant, for he must be alone in his study.

It was a cheerful room in the daytime, with its southern window, through which the minster saw the roses touching the very glass and dwarf apple trees lining the garden walks; there was also a western window that he might watch each day close. It was a pleasant room now, when the curtains were drawn, and the light of the lamp fell on the books he loved, and which bade him welcome. One by one he arranged the hard bought treasure of student days in the little bookcase planned for himself. He had that sweetest of pleasures, an evening of desultory reading. But his books went out of mind as he looked at the sermon shining beneath the glare of the lamp and demanding judgment. He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening with its historical parallel, this review of modern thought reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished, and left one careworn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands, and turned to the fire his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? and then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth, and pressing the *magnum opus,* that was to shek Drumtochty, into the heart of

the red fire, and he saw, half-smiling and half-weeping, the impressive word "Semitic environment" shrivel up and disappear. As the last black flake fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

It was no masterpiece, but only the crude production of a lad who knew little of letters and nothing of the world. Very likely it would have done neither harm nor good, but it was his best, and he gave it for love's sake, and I suppose that there is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor famous deeds, as the sacrifice of love.

The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light, and he felt the presence of his mother. His bed stood ghostly with its white curtains, and he remembered how every night his mother knelt by its side in prayer for him. He is a boy once more and repeats the Lords prayer, then he cries again. "My mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

His prayer next morning was very short, but afterward he stood at the window, for a space, and when he turned his aunt said:

"Ye will get yir sermon, and it will be worth hearing."

"How did ye know?"

But she only smiled, "I heard you pray."

When he shut himself into the study that Saturday morning, his aunt went into her room above, and he knew she had gone to intercede for him.

An hour afterward he was pacing the garden in such anxious thought that he crushed a rose lying on the path, and then she saw his face suddenly lighten, and he hurried to the house, but first he plucked a bunch of forget-me-nots. In the evening she found them on his sermon.

Two hours later—for still she prayed and watched in faithfulness to mother and son—she observed him come out and wander around the garden in great joy. He lifted up the soiled rose and put it in his coat; he released a butterfly caught in some mesh; he buried his face in fragrant honeysuckle. Then she understood that his heart was full of love, and was sure that it would be well on the morrow.

When the bell began to ring, the minister rose from his knees and went to his aunt's room to be robed, for this was a covenant between them.

His gown was spread out in its black silken glory, but he sat down in despair.

"Auntie, whaever shall we do, for I've forgotten the bands?"

"But I've not forgot them, John, and here are six pair wrought with my own hands, and now sit still and I'll tie them around my laddie's neck."

When she had given the last touch, and he was ready to go, a sudden seriousness fell upon them.

"Kiss me, auntie."

"For your mother, and her God be with you." And then he went through the garden and underneath the honeysuckle and into the kirk, where every Free Churchman in Drumtochty that could get out of bed, and half the Established Kirk, were waiting in expectation.

I sat with his aunt in the minister's pew, and shall always be glad that I was at that service. When winter lies heavy upon the glen I go upon my travels, and in my time have seen many religious functions. I have been in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, where the people wept one minute and laughed the next, I have heard Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, and the sound of that high clear voice is still with me, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion;" have seen High Mass in St. Peter's, and stood in the dusk of Duomo at Florence when Padre Agostino thundred against the evils of the day. But I never realized the unseen world as I did that day in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty.

It is impossible to analyze a spiritual effect, because it is largely an atmosphere, but certain circumstances assisted. One was instantly prepossessed in favor of a young minister who gave out the second paraphrase at his first service, for it declared his filial reverence and wone for him the blessing of a cloud of witnesses. No Scottish man can ever sing,

"God of our father, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

with a dry heart. It satisfied me at once that the minister was of a fine temper when, after a brave attemp to join, he hid his face and was silent. We thought none the worse of him that he was nervous, and two or three old people who had suspected self-sufficiency took him to their hearts when the minister concluded the Lord's prayer hurriedly, having omitted two petitions. But we knew it was not nervousness which made him pause for ten seconds after praying for widows and orphans, and in the silence which fell upon us the Divine Spirit had free access. His youth commended him, since he was also modest, for every mother had come with an inarticulate prayer that the "puir laddie wud dae weel on his first day, and him only twenty-four." Text I can never remember, nor, for that matter, the words of sermons; but the subject was of Jesus Christ, and before he had spoken five minutes I was convinced, who am outside dogmas and churches, that Christ was present. The preacher faded from before one's eyes, and there rose the figure of the Nazarene, best lover of every human soul, with a face of tender patience such as Sarto gave the Master in the Church of the Annunziata, and stretching out

his hands to old folk and little children as He did, before His death, in Galilee. His voice might be heard any moment, as I have imagined it in my lonely hours by the winter fire or on the solitary hills—soft, low, and sweet, pentrating like music to the secret of the heart. "Come unto Me * * * and I will give you rest."

During a pause in the sermon I glanced up the church and saw the same spell held the people. Donald Menzies had long ago been caught into the third heaven, and was now hearing words which it is not lawful to utter. Campbell in his watch-tower at the back had closed his eyes, and was praying. The women were weeping quietly and the rugged face of our men were subdued and softened, as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone.

But what will stand out forever in my mind was the sight of Marget Howe. Her face was as white as death, and her wonderful gray eyes were shining through a mist of tears, so that I caught the light in the manse pew. She was thinking of George, and had taken the minister to her heart.

The elders, one by one, griped the minister's hand in the vestry, and, though plain, homely men, they were the godliest in the glen, but no man spoke save Burnbrae.

"I a' but lost ae fairm for the Free Kirk, and I wud hae lostten tae be in the Kirk this day."

Donald walked with me homewards, but would only say:

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." At the cottage he added, "The friend of the bridegroom rejoiced greatly because of the bridegrooms voice."

Beneath the honeysuckle at his garden gate a woman was waiting.

"My name is Marget Howe, and I'm the wife of William Howe of Whinnie Knowe. My only son was preparin' for the ministry, but God wanted him nearly a year syne. When ye preached the Evangel o' Jesus the day I heard his voice, and I loved you. Ye heve nae mither on earth, I hear, and I hae no son, and wantit to say that if ye ever wis tae speak to ony woman as ye wud yir mother, come tae Whinnie Knowe, an' I'll coont it one of the Lord's consolations."

His aunt could only meet him in the study, and when he looked on her his lip quivered, for his heart was wrung with one wistful regret.

"Oh, auntie, if she had only been spared to see this day, and her prayers answered."

But his aunt flung her arms round his neck.

"Dinna be cast doon, laddie, nor be unbelievin'. Yir mither had heard every word, and is satisfied, for ye did it in remembrance of her; and yon was yir mither's sermon."

# Notes from the Field

*By Amy Brown Lyman*

*North Sanpete Stake*: (*Summer Program*)

Following is the Summer, 1926, program arranged and used by the North Sanpete stake:

July 1, Testimony Meeting:

Patriotic preliminary program: song, "America"; prayer; song, "Star Spangled Banner"; patriotic reading or talk; suggested solos or quartets—"Flag Without a Stain," "Tenting Tonight"; closing hymn, "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; suggested topic for testimonies—Privileges of American Citizenship, (a) Religious Freedom; Loyalty to our Country.

July 9, Work and Business Meeting:

Each ward to arrange own preliminary program.

July 16, Recreational Meeting:

One-half hour of community singing under direction of chorister; suggested songs—"Seeing Nellie Home," "It Isn't Any Trouble Just to Smile," "Long, Long Trail," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Annie Laurie"; each president ask the ward recreational committee to outline an hour's program of games suitable for Relief Society ladies. If possible, have recreational leader come and direct the hour's work or appoint one member to meet with committee.

July 22 or 24:

All pioneers to be honored guests. Cooperate with ward Daughters of Pioneers and arrange pioneer program. In larger towns of more than one ward, wards might join together in celebration. It is left to the different wards whether refreshments are served or not.

July 29:

Visiting the "shut-ins," sick and aged. Program and lunch.

August 5, Testimony Meeting:

Topic, "Honor Your Mission of Parenthood." Reading, *Road to Happiness,* by D. Charles Barber, found in May *Era,* 1924.

August 12, Book Review:

Suggested books: *Americanization of Edward Bok; Including Mother; Added Upon; Life of Christ*—Papini. *The Dim Lantern; Main Street.*

August 19, Automobile ride for "Shut-ins."

August 26, A rousing enlistment social for season's work.

*California Mission.*

Some time ago an apartment was finished in the Oakland

Relief Society at Berkeley, California

chapel for the missionaries. The Berkeley Relief Society furnished the kitchen by giving a kitchen shower. There was a wonderful response. During the party the two boys who were first to occupy the home appeared dressed as the bride and groom. The missionary girls were the brides-maids and the branch presidency came to join in the fun. The Berkeley Society was organized last October, and since that time the members have made 13 quilts, two layettes and other articles.

*Benson Stake.*

Mrs. Annie G. Miles, who recently resigned as president of the Smithfield 1st ward Relief Society, had served in this capacity for twelve years. She has been a most capable leader, and there was universal regret that she found it necessary to give up the work. Mrs. Miles and her counselors and secretary were given a testimonial consisting of an interesting program and refreshments. Appreciation was expressed for their excellent services rendered, and each of the guests of honor was presented with a token of appreciation.

*Blaine Stake.*

The Hagerman ward Relief Society has been very actively interested in health work. They have conducted two health conferences for mothers and babies and four operating clinics for tonsils and adenoids. A total of 31 children were operated upon. A dental clinic will be held in the near future, when children recommended will have dental work done for 60% of the regular price. A special fund of $176.25 was raised by the Society for this work.

*Idaho Stake.*

The year 1926 proved a very successful one for the Idaho stake Relief Society. The Society gave funds sufficient to furnish one room in the local hospital at Soda Springs. A very good demonstration was given recently showing how teachers should conduct their visits in the homes, how they should present the topic, also how the hostess should receive and assist the visiting teachers in their work. Ward conferences have been held in all the wards and each ward has been visited two or more times by the stake board members.

As a special activity the women cooperated with the County home demonstration in conducting a "Woman's Vacation Camp," July 21-22-23. This camp was composed almost entirely of mothers, young and old, and the Relief Society assisted in every way to make the project a success. A splendid program commencing at 6:30 in the morning and ending at 9:30 in the evening was arranged and carried out in detail every day, and proved very

interesting and beneficial. The following subjects were discussed: Purpose of the Camp; Landscape Art and the Home; Home Ideals; A Unified Program for the Home; A Vision of Health for the Mother; The Influence of Attractive Rooms; The Effects of Food on all Organs of the Body. These talks were interspersed with vocal selections, dramatic readings, Indian legends and community singing. The manager of the state natatorium extended invitations to the women to use the wonderful pools for bathing and swimming free of charge. Among the speakers were experts from the state university and other noted women speakers.

Mrs. Barbara Eliason, a member of the stake board, recently passed away. She had been a faithful worker in the Relief Society for many years, first acting as president of the Bancroft ward Relief Society, which position she held for nineteen years, when she was released to work on the stake board.

*Hyrum Stake.*

The three wards of Hyrum stake recently put on a carnival, the outstanding feature of which was the musical burlesque given

THE KITCHEN CABINET SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

by the Relief Society called "The Kitchen Cabinet Symphony Orchestra." Twenty-three women took part and produced a musical burlesque, so unexpectedly amusing, entertaining and professional, that the most critically inclined were astonished at the clever execution, the mirth-provoking, yet real musical numbers were rendered upon kitchen utensils of every description. The costuming, the

songs and choruses, all were captivating and well worth the price of admission. The director with a fly-swatter for a baton was the impersonation of a "Sousa," and had her members under full leadership every minute, while the interpretation and introduction of the various selections were very cleverly conducted.

*Big Horn Stake.*

Mrs. Alfa Grant Showalter, a member of the Big Horn stake Relief Society board, recently passed away. Mrs. Showalter had been an interesting and efficient public worker. Although she had no children she reared to maturity three of her husband's children. She also took into her home at different times motherless and fatherless children, which she cared for as if they were her own. A short time before her death she adopted a new-born babe.

*Juab Stake.*

Mrs. Alice F. Belliston, chorister of the Juab stake Relief Society, recently passed away—death being caused by typhoid fever. She leaves a husband and four children besides numerous relatives and a host of friends. She will be greatly missed by Relief Society workers.

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## To My Mother

If I were just a tiny winged bird.
With God's glorious gift of song born in my throat,
I'd soar on high through heaven's misty blue,
And on and on above this mortal sphere,
Until I'd passed the portals of the heavenly world,
And there at the foot of God's mighty throne
I'd offer up a bursting song of thanks
For thee,
For all the joy thy love has given me.

# Relief Society Annual Report

1926

*Amy Brown Lyman—General Secretary*

## FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Cash Receipts* | | | |
| Balance on hand January 1, 1926: | | | |
| Charity Fund | $ 31,833.49 | | |
| General Fund | 108,257.04 | | |
| Wheat Trust Fund | 17,846.25 | | |
| Total Balance January 1 | | $157,936.78 | |
| Donations received during 1926: | | | |
| Charity Fund | $ 83,027.10 | | |
| General Fund | 119,442.14 | | |
| Annual Dues | 22,644.45 | | |
| Other Receipts | 63,911.22 | | |
| Total Receipts | | $289,024.91 | |
| Total Balance and Receipts | | | $446,961.69 |
| *Cash Disbursements*: | | | |
| Paid for Charitable Purposes | $ 96,017.19 | | |
| Paid for General Purposes | 127,477.30 | | |
| Wheat Trust Fund Remitted to Presiding Bishop's Office | 4,324.41 | | |
| Annual Dues Paid to General Board and to Stake Boards | 24,694.94 | | |
| Paid for Other Purposes | 34,515.80 | | |
| Total Disbursements | | $287,029.64 | |
| Balance on hand December 31, 1926 | | | |
| Charity Fund | $31,375.65 | | |
| General Fund | 115,523.80 | | |
| Wheat Trust Fund | 13,032.60 | | |
| Total Balance, December 31 | | $159,932.05 | |
| Total Disbursements and Balance on Hand | | | $446,961.69 |

## ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Assets*: | | |
| Balance on hand December 31, 1926: | | |
| All Funds | $159,932.05 | |
| Wheat Trust Fund at Presiding Bishop's Office | 400,796.11 | |
| Other Invested Funds | 63,384.88 | |
| Value of Real Estate and Build | 236,664.01 | |
| Value of Furniture and Fixture | 49,948.99 | |
| Other Assets | $ 26,331.49 | |
| Total Assets | | $937,057.53 |

*Liabilities*:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Indebtedness | $ 1,129.44 | |
| Balance Net Assets | 935,928.09 | |
| Total Liabilities and Net A.. | | $937,057.53 |

STATISTICS

*Membership*:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| January 1, 1926: | | | |
| Executive and Special Officers | 10,172 | | |
| Visiting Teachers | 19,457 | | |
| Members | 32,063 | | |
| Total Membership January 1 .. | | 61,692 | |
| *Increase*: | | | |
| Admitted to Membership During Year | | 8,027 | |
| Total Membership During Year | | | 69,719 |
| *Decrease*: | | | |
| Removed or Resigned | 7,340 | | |
| Died | 752 | | |
| Total Decrease | | | 8,092 |
| | | | 61,627 |
| December 31, 1926: | | | |
| Executive and Special Officers .. | 10,348 | | |
| Visiting Teachers | 19,726 | | |
| Members | 31,553 | | |
| Total Membership December 31 | | | 61,627 |
| The Total Membership Includes: | | | |
| General Officers and Board Members | 20 | | |
| Stake Officers and Board Members | 1,011 | | |
| Mission Presidents and Officers | 63 | | |

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of Stakes | 96 |
| Number of Missions | 26 |
| Number of Relief Society Ward Organizations | 1,528 |
| Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts | 10,148 |
| Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards | 98,228 |
| Number of L. D. S. Women, Non-members, Eligible | 30,302 |
| Number of *Relief Society Magazine* taken as reported | 23,220 |
| Number of Magazines Mailed in Addition | 1,280 |
| Number of Executive Officers Taking *Relief Society Magazine* | 5,386 |
| Number of Meetings held in Wards | 53,040 |
| Number of Ward Conferences Held | 1,057 |
| Average Attendance at Meetings | 20,661 |
| Number of Visits by Relief Society Visiting Teachers | 688,154 |
| Number of Families Helped | 13,695 |
| Number of Days Spent With the Sick | 51,249 |
| Number of Special Visits to Sick and Homebound | 185,007 |
| Number of Days Spent in Temple Work | 122,013 |
| Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial | 2,752 |
| Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers | 4,511 |
| Number of Stake Board Meetings Held | 1,983 |
| Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held | 966 |

## COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

| | 1924 | 1925 | 1926 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Paid for charitable purposes | $100,453.51 | $100,055.56 | $ 96,017.19 |
| Total or present membership | 59,272 | 61,066 | 61,627 |
| No. of Relief Society Organizations | 1,486 | 1,463 | 1,528 |
| No. of *Relief Society Magazine* taken | 23,478 | 23,176 | 23,220 |
| Days spent with sick | 52,445 | 49,300 | 51,249 |
| Special visits to sick and home bound | 366,155 | 178,885 | 185,007 |
| Families helped | 12,281 | 13,754 | 13,695 |
| Number of visits by stake Relief Society Officers to wards | 5,144 | 5,128 | 4,511 |
| Number of visits by Relief Society visiting teachers | 592,559 | 643,657 | 688,154 |
| Number of days spent in temple work | 114,160 | 119,566 | 122,013 |

## DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

| Stakes | | Missions | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arizona | 2,023 | Australia | 70 |
| California | 872 | Canada | 140 |
| Canada | 1,325 | Europe | 5,270 |
| Colorado | 418 | Hawaii | 998 |
| Idaho | 9,996 | Mexico | 57 |
| Mexico | 187 | New Zealand | 554 |
| Nevada | 543 | Samoa | 291 |
| Oregon | 230 | South Africa | 41 |
| Utah | 33,101 | Tahiti | 230 |
| Wyoming | 1,472 | Tonga | 96 |
| | | United States | 3,713 |
| Total Membership in Stakes | 50,167 | Total Membership in Missions | 11,460 |

Total Membership in Stakes and Missions ..... 61,627

(Note: In the foregoing report, all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the annual membership dues.)

LESSON II

## Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JULY

(Second Week in July)
(Second Week in August)

CIVIC PRIDE

Attention to and care of recreation places, including canyons, parks, playgrounds, etc.
Suggestions:

I. Attention to sanitary conditions—water supply; disposal of garbage and other refuse, etc.

II. Attention to useless litter. Communities should supply proper receptacles for papers, rubbish, etc., and enforce their use. The condition of public grounds after holidays and special celebrations is often an evidence of extreme carelessness.

III. Teach respect for trees, grass, shrubs, and public and private property. (Beauty spots of nature are often marred by careless vacationists who carve names on benches and trees, and wantonly destroy the latter; who rob the hillsides and meadows of the beautiful native flowers which they soon tire of and cast aside.

IV. Discussion of local conditions.

## To Dr. Ellis R. Shipp

*On Her Eightieth Birthday*
Thursday, Jan. 20, 1927

When the great scheme of existence
  For mortals on this earth
Was forecast in the council of the Gods,
  Superior intelligences were among the spirits found—
And, Sister Ellis, you were one of them.
  And we, your friends and sisters
Are favored ones to know
  And labor with, and love, you here below.

The eighty years which have expired
  Since you on earth were born
Has been part of one of the greatest eras
  The world has ever known.
And the fine, superior portion of the work
  Which you have done,
Eternal life and blessedness
  For your bright soul has won.

With memories strengthened and renewed
  In our first, eternal home,
To which, as called, we are gathering—
  What circles we shall form!
Like children pure and innocent
  We will laugh and sing with glee,
As we carry on our work of love—
  Dear Ellis, *you* and *we*.

*Lula Greene Richards,*
*Persis L. Y. Richards,*
*Alma E. W. Felt,*
*Zina Y. Card,*
*Minerva R. Knowlton,*
*Maria Y. Dougall.*

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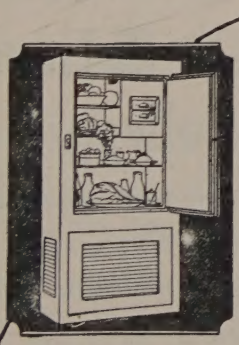

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SUMMER CLASSES WILL BE FORMED

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Monday, June 13.

Whatever you do, don't waste the good summer months. Don't permit the days to slip along until September 1st finds you where you are today.

Our Summer school is not particularly a special session. Regular instructors are in charge, regular studies are offered, and due to a smaller attendance a larger amount of personal attention to the individual student is possible.

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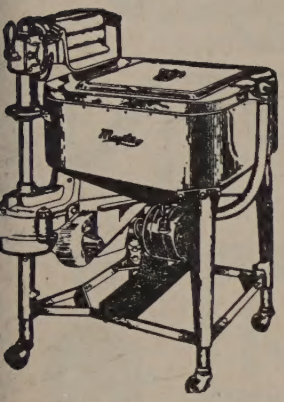

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